



The Promise



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Chapter 1 by Fullbringer Slayer (The Silencer)

The fresh smell of burning wood was eminent that night. No forest fire, no, a campfire, hosting a Latino male, 6'1, 29 years old, and muscular. He sat on some fallen oak trees, whistling some tunes long forgotten. He wore some clothes obviously belonging to a American soldier. He looked tired, lazily pouring gasoline into the dying fire, the fire bursting back to life. He continuously sighed, resting on his arm, when he was quickly alerted by abrupt noises. Like clockwork, he retrieved his SMG, rolling behind the log he once sat on, taking cover. He did so in a swift motion, never losing his training as a soldier. He took aim, squinting.

The deep low growls of 2 creatures exited some bushes, followed by cries and howls of pain. The man took off, perfectly taking cover when he deemed necessary. He was piratically next to the beasts, and he turned, gun pointed at a bloody mess. He almost broke focus.

3 wolves, and a fresh dead body of a German Pointer, and some puppy cries from behind the body, the wolves closing in. The wolves were shot down in a second, the soldier not losing aim as he came closer to the cries. He saw a little pup, surrounded by its dead sibling. The man lowered his gun, feeling despair.

After quickly taking back the puppy back to the camp, the man spoke.

"Yeah, sucks huh bud? I'm sorry I didn't run in sooner. (Man, what I'm i doing? Talking to a mut like a actual person)."

The pup sniffed it's surrounding, scurrying off to the edge of the forest the man set camp in. The man, SMG in hand, ran after it. The pup was at the edge, from a 400 foot drop. It rolled into a

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He walked off to where the embers and smoke ran up from the fire, walking away from the scene. Walking away from the ruins of a once great country. A desolate crater, smoke and radiation pouring from it, as thousands off American flags, whipped in the wind, the flag ripped, damaged, gathered around a catastrophe of human sin,

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